

Please fill one

THE CRYER

Extra!

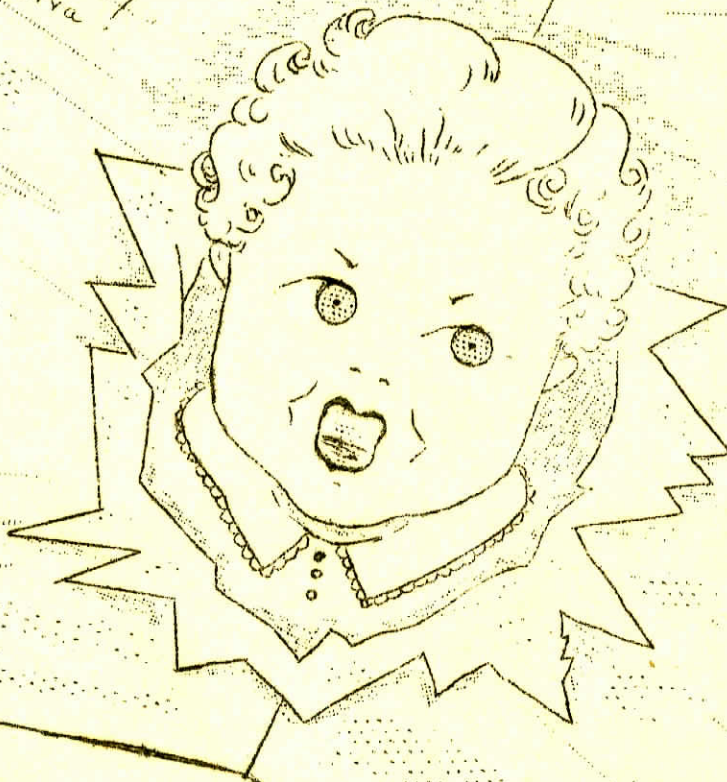
Bryan

Extra!

News

Extra!

Extra!



The
FRESHMEN
Are Happy To ~
Announce
the Arrival of ~
Billy Bryan, Jr.
Saturday, March 27th

A FRESHMAN LOOKS AT BRYAN

So this is Bryan! Well, they told me they had very little in the way of material comfort but I did have the buildings pictured a little bigger than this. There certainly is plenty of ground around this school--seems to be mostly campus. (It proved to be a lot of "campus" in more ways than one) Ummmm-mm, wonder if I'm the only one attending this year--never saw such a lonely place. 'Way up here on top of a hill! I sure hope I don't have to trudge up and down that hill every time I want to go to town. Why do the fellows get the break of living in the main building while the girls have to hike every morning to get some breakfast? Oh well, it won't be long until Christman and I can get back to civilization for a while.

Of course, that was the first impression. It wasn't long before a freshman realized the privileges and blessings of Bryan U. Instead of a small, lonely school, he finds a large, friendly University--not big materially, but big in its love for the Lord and in its aims and ideals. How can a new student experience an introduction to Pres. Rudd, Mr. Fish, and Capt. Ryther without sensing a warm sincerity of Christian fellowship. As the faculty go about their work unselfishly and untiring, with little material reward, the freshman realizes more fully the part he has to play in the year before him. I wonder if the freshmen are, in turn, an inspiration to the faculty. Have we grown in the Lord since our first impression of Bryan and Bryan's first impression of us? Can the faculty tell by our lives that their work has not been in vain? Ann

* * * *

A MONUMENT TO FAITH

Recently, the students and faculty were blessed greatly by a short message from Dr. Forrest, head and founder of Tacoma Falls Bible Inst. His message presented a brief summary of all he and his wife had been through as they trusted God while starting and carrying on the work they were called to do.

Starting out with nothing but faith in our all-powerful God, they purchased an ideal building and ground. Their faith was sorely tried when fire destroyed the building. What a discouragement! yet they took God at His word and trusted Him all the way. Today they have a fine institute that really glorifies our Lord.

Fellow students, let us take God at

His word, trusting Him all the way; then someday we can look back over a life that has accomplished much for Him. Ken

* * * * *

WHAT IS WRONG WITH THE TEACHING OF "CHRISTIAN SCIENCE?"

Plenty! Eddyism, falsely called Christian Science is neither Christian nor science, but is a fabrication of falsehood. It denies the personality of God, the doctrine of the Trinity and the deity of Christ. It declares there is not evil, and of course denies the need of salvation through the blood of the cross. Sin is only imaginary, "the error of mortal mind!" The evil spirits cast out by the Lord were only "false beliefs." The Comforter bestowed by Christ is not the Holy Spirit but "Divine Science!" And all it is, plus much more of the same kind, is put forth as exposition of Holy Scriptures! Christian Science, falsely so called, should be shunned as a pestilence. Lester

* * * * *

REFUGEES

Along highways of disappointment, refugees wend their way. Footsore, hungry, distressed, fearful, they seek a place of safety. Their destination is "Nobody's Harbor", where they board the ship "Discontent", and sail the sea of "Hopelessness". Christian, are the lights lit along the shore? Ours is the Rock. Ours is the Refuge. Ours is the "Haven of Rest". Ours is the Anchor within the Veil.

The refugees send forth the cry "Save our souls!" Ours is the privilege of rescue. To the lighthouse, Christian! Flare the beacon that lights the entrance into the "Harbor of the Soul"--and claim the wandering ones for Christ. Flo

* * * * *

"The heavens declare the glory of God; and the firmament sheweth His handywork."

Gazing down the hillside at the mirrored lake reflecting the heavens glory given only by God, and the narrow winding pathway up the mountain side reminds the Christian of his life in this world. The ever-green trees on top of the mountain, which is his destination reminds him of the gift of eternal life. Birds sing of God's love--so wonderful that He have His only Son. He turns not back, but onward, upward is his goal.

Are you on the upward path? When the path seems rough, are you tempted to look back? Frances

WHAT I LIKED BEST ABOUT SPRING VACATION

Alice: (sigh) Dates. (sigh, sigh)

June: No history!!!! (Ed. note--Me, too)

Virgil: When it is over and my girl comes back.

Ernie: The heavenly time on Saturday.

Dave: The beautiful moon. Mmm-mmm-mmm

Sammy: What happened under the beautiful moon. (Ed. note--some more Mmm's)

Mrs. Coutts: A delightful ramble in the Woods.

Cooky: (Ed. note: see Manford's pictures)

Gwen: The sweet things--candy, flowers, Al.

Kenny: "Now what do you think? (Ed. note: we hardly know what to think, Kenny)"

Peggy: Sleeping in the morning and eating at the banquet.

Eddie: Away with Freshman dating rules. Whee-ee-o

Clyde S.: The sleep I wish I had gotten.

John Harper: Nellie

Langy: Spring house cleaning finished.

* * *

MUSH AND SLUSH

By Ima Snooper

Why, Moe, we didn't know you had a little daughter here until Mr. Fish gave it away in Psychology class. (we mean the secret, not the daughter--who would want her!)

* * *

What senior forgot his part in the banquet because a certain young lady returned to school unexpectedly???

* * *

My, my, what a big girl our little Cleo is getting to be. She mixes her own formula now with Horlick's Malted Milk. Soon she will be big enough to drink from a glass.

* * *

Life is just Rosie to Ernie these days.

* * *

All we can get out of Ruth is:
"Question 'Mark'"

* * *

From St. John to Don Juan over spring vacation. Nice goin', Bob.

* * *

Wimpy never fails to say "Grace" before every meal. "Grace, Grace, wonderful Grace"

* * *

We wouldn't say Leonard is a pig, but he surely does like the Waller.

* * *

Then there is the Junior who would rather Reed than write.

* * * * *

Well, here it is! Through the combined efforts of the Freshman class, you hold in your hand our first attempt at journalism. In presenting it to you, we do so with two goals in mind. Above all, we want to give you something worthwhile in the way of a school paper containing news of vital interest and importance to you. Our secondary aim is to raise funds to erect a flagpole on our campus from which Old Glory may wave, a daily reminder to the surrounding countryside of Bryan University and the ideals for which it stands. YOU are to decide whether or not this will be our last issue. How about it? Are you with us?

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EXCITING NEW CONTEST!!!

Name Moe's car. (It's a "she") Make it clever, original, and appropriate. YOU may be the winner and have the privilege of being the guest of honor at the ceremony, christening it with a gallon of gasoline. (Additional privilege to the contest winner--you supply the gas)

* * *

ATTENTION BOYS--YOU MAY BE "IT".

Who is it that the girls flock around? Who is the most handsome boy at Bryan? Who gets more affection from the girls? In other words, who is the most popular boy on the campus?

Results of an authentic survey on this question revealed in the next issue.

* * *

Sez Joe: Nothing's too good for you.

Sez Berty: Nothing's too good for you, either.

Sez Me: Now there's a couple of good for nothings for you.

* * *

Mr. Fish: Back from spring vacation, eh? Feel any change?

Ward T.: Nope, not a cent.

* * *

We Want Less of:

We Want More of:

Turnip greens
History and Greek
Restriction List
"Stink" and "Stew"
Rain
Liver (Ed. Note)

Larking, sparking,
Parking benches on
the campus
Dean's List
Musical Concerts
Colored Films

* * *

Don't be discouraged if you happen to fall. Remember that a worm is about the only thing that can't fall down.

* * *

Miss Hess: Grace, did you wash the fish before you baked it?

Grace: Why no, Miss Hess, what is the use of washing it again. It has been in the water all its life.

* * *

I didn't know Dan and Beersheba were cities, I thought they were husband and wife, like Sodom and Gomorrah.

* * *

Mr. Cain: Manford, did you have the car out last night?

Manford: Yes, Dad, I took the boys out for a ride.

Mr. Cain: Well, tell the boys I found one of their little lace handkerchiefs in the car.

* * *

DAFFYNITIONS

Turbulent: a lady's wrap-a-round hat.

Hirsute: coat and skirt worn by a lady.

Vacillation: injections a gainst disease.

Stalemate: a wife you are tired of.

Twip: a wide on a twain.

Bicameral: a camel with two humps.

Sarcophagus: the tubes in your throat.

Recision: what you show your friends after your operation.

Emarginated: Butter substitute.

Dudgeon: an underground prison.

Archaeology: Study of Antiquities.

Antiquities: Old Maids.

HAVE YOU HEARD????

She shifted and gave me a dirty look, and figured the stamps in her ration book.

* * *

A wise old owl lived in an oak,
The more he saw, the less he spoke;
The less he spoke, the more he heard,
Why can't we be like that wise old bird???

* * *

Her sweetheart was a butcher but he doesn't MEAT her now.

* * *

She was only an engineer's daughter, but
WOO-O-O WOO-O-O!!!!

* * *

She was only an ashman's daughter, but
she knew all the best dumps in town.

* * *

The sign on the door of success reads

PUSH

* * *

Signing off 'till next time, folks-- Doc.

It was eight o'clock and Bryan University Library was quiet, save for the occasional scratching of a pencil, or the muffled foot-steps of a departing student. At the desk, I settled down to an enjoyable evening with my history book. In a few minutes I was deeply engrossed in the exciting story of mysterious political intrigue in the Hapsburg Empire. Students sedulously prepared their lessons, tenderly turning the pages of well-loved textbooks. Suddenly, the air was rent with an ear-splitting shriek, followed by shrill, demoniacal laughter. My blood froze in my veins--all five corpuscles. I began to tremble, and my teeth chattered so much that I was forced to take them out and lay them on the desk. Looking out over the startled group, I motioned to a few boys to go and investigate. As soon as their hair had returned to its normal position, they hurried into the stack-room. I rushed after them, clip-clop, clip-clop, along the aisle. (The clop was my wooden leg.) I could hear low moans, and then a dull thud as each one reached the scene of the tragedy. By the time I had reached the end of the stack-room, inert forms were piled high in the aisle. "Now, Florence," I whispered to myself, "you are the librarian and these little ones are entrusted to your care. You must attend to them first." Laboriously I dragged the unconscious students out into the reading room. Hurriedly, feverishly, I worked; fearful, yet anxious to see what had caused such bedlam. My poor little roommate, Ann, revived in time to be led gently out to a chair. Poor child, high-strung and nervous as she was, the shock was too much for her overwrought mind. She babbled deliriously about bundles in blue and Freshman dating rules. At last I had removed all but three. No--wait--it was only Calvin. My mistake!!! I tugged at the hulking mass of inert matter, dragging it down to the corner, where it stuck. Frantically I dashed a bucket of water in his face, with removing the bucket. He got a little pail, but I scrambled over him and ran back to the scene of the mystery. My eyes fell upon the most ghastly sight I had ever seen. I turned away, not even pausing to pick up my eyes again. There on the floor, in a pool of blood, I beheld * * * * *

Be sure to read the thrilling conclusion to this story in the next issue. It will astound you!!!!